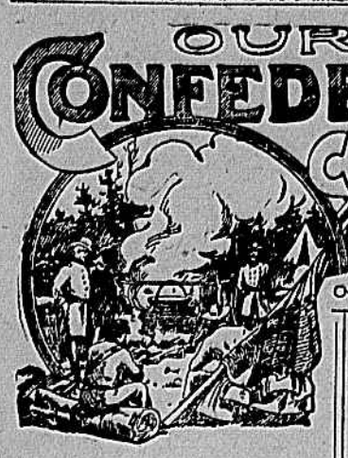


Contributions to this column are requested from Confederate veterans and other persons familiar with the history of the War Between the States. Narratives of particular engagements and personal adventures are especially requested. All contributions should be sent to the Editor of the Confederate Column, Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va.

THE THIRTIETH VIRGINIA AT BOYDTON PLANK ROAD

Gallant Company Commander Writes His Recollections of Hot Encounter Near Dinwiddie Courthouse and of Other Scenes.

BY ROBERT T. KNOX,
Lieutenant Commanding Company C.

I give my recollections of the fight on Boydton Plank Road, near or at Dinwiddie Courthouse, March 31, 1865. The division I belonged to was Pickett's. We were ordered from Howlett House and marched to a church near Boydton Plank Road; went into camp next day; were marched down towards a run before you get to Boydton Plank Road.

Our regiment—Thirtieth Virginia Infantry—was thrown out as skirmishers in front of Corse's Brigade. We went on until we came in contact with Sheridan's cavalry. We had passed many wounded of our cavalry, and majors and other officers were being brought out of the fight hanging over the saddles of their horses. My recollection is it was a North Carolina regiment. Well, we went through the woods on the far side of the run mentioned, and in our front in the woods the enemy's cavalry had gone into camp and were in the act of cooking. We found them in force on our right, and opened fire on them. The rest of our brigade came up and we laid down to let them pass us, and joined on their right and went until we were stopped by orders. We had a right smart fight with Sheridan's cavalry and drove away those who were on our left when we reached the Plank Road and in our front, and when our brigade came up they wheeled to the right and fought almost hand to hand. My cousin, Robert F. Knox, captain of a company in Colonel Arthur Herbert's Seventeenth Virginia Infantry, was wounded standing or fighting in the road, and the enemy standing up above and shooting down, and Robert was shot through, the ball passing out under his shoulder blades; so you can see we were close up and hotly engaged. My brother Alexander was shot as we reached the Plank Road. He was shot through the leg and was taken to a hospital. We whipped the cavalry and could see ambulances, wagons and artillery flying helter skelter down the road near the courthouse, which I never saw, but we saw the rout of the cavalry as they fled. We remained there in the field all night. Next morning we were ordered down to Five Forks, on Hatcher's Run. All of Jackson's old corps—I remember Johnson's Division—passed us, and we asked if they were not going to help us—and, I believe, three of Pickett's brigades went off, passing behind us. They said they were obeying orders. Well, a company was sent out from each regiment to our front about one-half mile perhaps in front and directly in rear of Gilham's house. We could see Sheridan's whole corps massed in fields in front of Gilham's house. There were two regiments of W. H. Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry on our right. The Ninth Virginia and Thirteenth Virginia, I think, were on our right at right angles to our skirmish line.

Soon Sheridan sent two or more squadrons to charge us. There were a goodly number. We fell back to the road, where our regiment was. They emptied some saddles and drove the others off, and we were ordered to take our old position in the field.

My orderly sergeant, Morgan Cox, said: "Lieutenant, look back at the road where our regiment was." And there they were on this side the fence with their backs to my skirmish line fighting Claiborne's Division, Infantry, and fought them so stoutly and with such determination they fell back.

Our brigade resumed their first position. Then Morgan said again: "Lieutenant, look down on our left; can you make out what that is?" I looked, and shortly saw it was another division of infantry, and came steadily through the woods. I ordered my men to fall back to our line. By this time General Corse had joined his line on the cavalry regiments on our left, so as to face not only Claiborne's Division, but the whole of them. This was about 3 in the afternoon of April 1, 1865.

This infantry which came up on our left was the other part of General Warren's Infantry Corps. There were no troops there on our line but Corse's Brigade and these two cavalry regiments, that I know of. So there we fought. They charged and charged, but we drove them back three or four times. At one time some one had a United States flag at the head of the charge and nearly reached the Gilham house, but were driven back. I saw Brigadier-General Steuart, of Maryland, calmly sitting on his horse watching the fight. His brigade had gone. He was in charge of a brigade in Pickett's division at that time.

It was behind our regiment that Colonel William Pegram was killed. My brother, Captain James S. Knox, said to him: "Willie, you cannot do any good there; now, get off your horse—you are too good a mark—and come here with us. He said: "Knox, I am not going to stay here long; I have other artillery elsewhere." What was there was captured later; horses all gone or killed or captured when Claiborne's Division of Infantry charged our brigade from the rear; but all our men had been drilled at Camp Lee, in Fredericksburg, by different officers and men of Company F (among them Willie Pegram drilled us) at the old Fair Grounds right under Willis and Marye's Hill. He was as brave and gallant as any Confederate soldier. He died behind our regiment. Most of the soldiers who first came out knew him. He used to belong to Brigadier-General R. Lindsay Walker's Artillery, Long Tom and Big Charlie, captured at first battle of Manassas.

Well, there we remained fighting until night came, and our men were ordered to fall back and make their way back to General Lee's army.

I carried into that fight 43 men. I was in command of Co. C, Thirtieth Virginia Infantry, Corse's Brigade. My company was the largest in the regiment, so it was sent out on the skirmish line. When we got out there I found Lieutenant-Colonel Grayson Tyler was in command of the skirmish line, my friend and acquaintance. I carried in forty-three men. I lost twenty-five at Five Forks:

1. Morgan Cox, orderly sergeant, captured; died in prison at Point Lookout.
2. John Smith.
3. Robert Smith, a nephew of Governor Smith and Miss Hooe, wounded early in fight; shot through thigh.
4. Benjamin Owens, killed, son of Rev. Mr. Owens.
5. Julius L. Lee, captured and carried to Point Lookout.
6. Willie Graves, captured.
7. J. Melville Johnston, captured.
8. James M. Coates, captured; here now.
9. Ashbury Jones, captured.
10. John R. Luckett, captured.
11. John J. Brookes, captured.
12. Peter Anderson, can't remember exactly.
13. Thomas Colbert, captured.
14. William Dornin, captured.
15. John H. English, captured.
16. John Hancock, captured, here now.
17. J. Thomas Palton, captured.
18. Thomas Smith, captured.
19. Ned Towles, captured.
20. John Jett, captured.
21. James Murphy, captured.
22. Newton Beckwith, captured.
23. Richard Burton, captured.
24. Alexander Coppage, captured.
25. Jack Dunavant, captured.

So you see I lost there twenty-five men altogether, and lost three at Dinwiddie Courthouse fight the day before:

Charles A. Gore, captured on our right; litter-bearer.

Robert Smith, captured on our right; litter-bearer.

My brother, Alexander B. Knox, wounded.

Charles A. Gore is one of our policemen here now on disabled list.

But in the next battle, which was Sailor's Creek, Ewell's whole corps surrendered on our left, and we knew nothing of it, as we were again fighting Sheridan's cavalry.

I had again the largest company in our regiment, viz., eighteen men, and was sent out on skirmish line early in morning. I was on the skirmish line when the cavalry charged us again, and then we were ordered to fall back, and I asked what our orders were, and was told to rally at second line of fence. It was in rear of the Thirtieth Virginia Infantry. Gen. Geo. E. Pickett was chased by seven or more cavalrymen, and our boys saw it and turned around and emptied every saddle, and General Pickett thanked us and raised his hat, and I never saw him again. There was a price of $25,000 on his head I heard.

Towards night I was captured, surrounded by cavalry, and taken to Bull Ring, where I found General Corse, who told me he rode right into the Fifth Corps behind us; General Hunton, General Seth Barton, General Custis Lee, General Ewell, General DuBose and the Fifth Corps was nearly in our rear at Sailor's Creek. The fences were deer fences, very high, and a rider on top.

Constant fighting day and night, picket duty, nothing to eat and no time to cook even the ears of corn some of our men had procured. We were separated from our men; they under one guard and we under another, and were taken to Washington, D. C., and got there the very night Abraham Lincoln was killed by Booth, and the crowd assembled around the Old Capitol to burn us up, and we sent a delegation to Colonel Wood and asked him to give us arms to protect ourselves. He said: "Give you arms! Damn you, you would go through that mob and get across the High Bridge so quick it would make my head swim," or some such talk; but he said: "No, it is my business to protect you. I have ordered a brigade in from works around Washington." And sure enough they came, as the mob was bringing up wood, coal, boxes, etc., to burn us.

Sheridan's men could not drive us at Five Forks, and General Warren was court-martialed for what Sheridan himself failed in doing. The day before we had him on the run, and I never knew why we were stopped.

A Sound Doctrine Succintly Stated.

(From Lynchburg News.)

In 1880 President Davis, in an autograph letter, replied to a request proceeding from the senior students of Roanoke College that he enlighten them in regard to "Secession as a Right and Remedy," but marked his letter "private." It has been treated strictly as a personal communication until now, when it is given to the public as a valuable contribution to the efforts being essayed to promote a clear understanding of the South's position in connection with the Civil War. We note that this week's issue of the Amherst Progress carries a reproduction of the Davis letter, and we take leave to print its contents here.

Beauvoir, Harrison county, Miss.,
July 25, 1881.

R. C. Holland, Esq.:

"My Dear Sir,—Accept my kind thanks for your kind letter of the 28th ult. In reply to your inquiry I would say:

"The States cannot be deprived of their reserved rights except by their own action in a general convention, such as formed by the Constitution.

"As each State did by its own consent delegate certain powers and reserve the rest, so must each State grant any additional power as the only means by which it can be justly deprived of it.

"Force may prevail over right, but cannot destroy truth.

"The exercise of a power to coerce a State cannot give to that act constitutional authority, but it has been so acquiesced in, that the remedy of secession by an oppressed minority must be considered impracticable.

"The South never asked for more than a fair construction of the Constitution as interpreted by the men who made it, and if in the future that can be secured we may be content, though we cannot surrender a right even while admitting our inability to maintain it.

"I was much gratified by the expression of your opinion in regard to the past, and tender to you my sincere regards.

"Respectfully and truly yours,
"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

A clearer, more succintly stated exposition of the South's viewpoint and the South's conviction and the South's frame of mind with reference to the issues which brought on the war, could scarcely have been rendered than that given by Mr. Davis fifteen years after the conflict ended. We commend it especially to the generation of Southerners now about to take their place in the ranks of men, as a subject well worth their careful consideration. In a few lines it codifies the reasons the South made a so valiant and costly defense.

Mr. Broun the Author.

In preparing for publication the article sent us by Thomas L. Broun, of Charleston, West Virginia, relative to the English movement in 1868 for collecting funds for a monument to Stonewall Jckson, we erroneously spelled his name "Brown." We wish to make this correction in justice to the distinguished gentleman who so thoughtfully sent us the article, which was of great interest.
CONFEDERATE

THE SOUTHERN CROSS OF HONOR.

By Prof. C. B. Tate, a V. M. I. cadet who fought in the battle of New Market, Va., May 15, 1864.

Take these crosses—a mute token
Of a sorrow left unspoken
By the lips of love unbroken
Through the change of Time and Tide.
In a comrade's tears you'll lave them,
From dishonor live to save them,
For the sake of those who gave them,
For the sake of those who died.

Prize these badges as a treasure
Precious—priceless beyond measure,
Consecrated by a love
Deep and boundless as the ocean—
A true woman's life devotion—
Love like His who reigns above.

Lee, the matchless, would have worn it,
Stonewall Jackson would have born it
Proudly; Death's strong hand could scarce have torn it
From our princely Stuart's breast.
Hold it, Veteran, as an omen
Sacred as the tear of woman
Shed for chevalier or yeoman—
Nobler than the noblest Roman—
Shed for comrade laid to rest.

Southern Veterans, wear these crosses,
Emblems of our Southland's losses—
Losses death alone can drown.
When the Last Reveille's sounded,
When Sin's hosts their arms have grounded,
He in whom our faith is founded—
Who bore the cross—for us was wounded,
Will for each cross exchange a crown.

But when in Heaven's perfect light,
The day He counts His jewels bright,
Condemns the wrong, rewards the right,
In those He died to save,
The richest crown for love, for loss,
Without one taint of earthly dross—
To her will go—last at His cross
And earliest at His grave.

Pulaski, Va.

MOSBY NEVER LOST A FIGHT

One of Lee's Most Valuable Leaders—Lived in Saddle and Swooped on Foe Like Hawk.

(From the Washington Post.)

The recent dismissal of Col. John S. Mosby, the famous Southern cavalry leader of the civil war, from his position of attorney in the Department of Justice, removes from public life one of the most picturesque of the characters that figured prominently in that great struggle, says the Washington Post. Though still hale in mind and body, he has lived, during his seventy-odd years, through more than the ordinary man would experience in the lifetime of Methuselah.

He has fought in a war whose bigness made ambition virtue; he has figured in political struggles besides which the contests of to-day are mere bagatelles; struggles in those days of reconstruction in the South when politics were not merely political but social, professional and religious as well, and men had to back up their convictions on the dueling ground.

He has fought a corrupt gang of officials in the American consular service in far-off Asia and purged the consulates of their corruption from Vladivostock to Aden. And in later years he was warred so fiercely upon the robber cattle barons of the West that even his superior officers at Washington had to repeatedly caution him about needlessly exposing his life to their vengeance. Between whiles he has written military works, read Byron, Tom Moore, and the Greek tragedies, and played with his grandchildren.

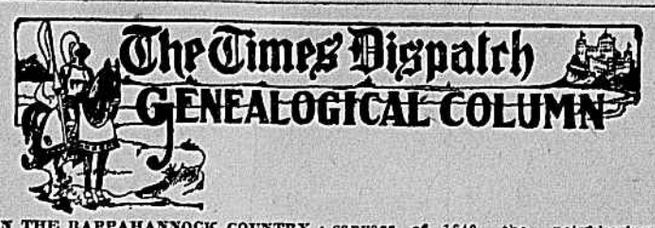
His early life did not foreshadow the checkered career that would be his. Indeed, up to the outbreak of the Civil War, none could have led a more peaceful and simple existence. He was a studious youth, and had a strong predilection for everything Greek. "I was born a Greek," he has often been heard to say.

He attended the University of Virginia, and was the youngest graduate of Greek upon the rolls of that college.

Those of the North have been prone to think of Mosby as a half lawless raider, owing allegiance to no one, following his own bent in raiding and plundering. As a fact, he was closer to General Lee, the commander in chief, than any other officer of his rank; he reported directly to him, instead of through the intermediate superior officers.

All his raiding campaigns that appeared to Northern eyes as merely indulged in for wanton destruction, were made with a fixed purpose and in accordance with the general orders of Lee. If Mosby grew particularly obnoxious in harassing the enemy's rear it das because Lee had ordered him to make himself so.

For Lee knew [illegible] rear was harassed



IN THE RAPPAHANNOCK COUNTRY.

"Brooke's Bank."

There are some magnificent estates and mansions in Essex county. Many of them, unhappily, now closed and the owners living in some other locality. Unfortunately "we two" could not penetrate far into the interior on this memorable trip, and we had to miss the opportunity of getting the "atmosphere" of many old places.

"Brooke's Bank" is a beautiful and ancient seat. The ancestor, as it were, of "Farmer's Hall Hall," "St. Julian," "Oakland," "Mantapike" and other later Brooke homes scattered throughout Virginia.

Robert Brooke, the first of his family in Virginia, settled in Essex county about 1659, for in this year he married Catharine, daughter of Humphrey Booth. His sons were Robert (2), Humphrey (2) and William (2).

Robert (2) was Knight of the Golden Horseshoe, as we all know. His wife was Phoebe, and his estate "Farmer's Hall," in Essex county. He left this place to his son, Robert (3), who in turn left it to his daughter, Mary. She married —— Sale, and the well-known family of Sales comes from this union. William (2) Brooke married Sarah Taliaferro, and the "Brooke's Bank" mansion was built by her after her husband's death, but according to his wishes. He died in 1734, but the house was not built until 1751. It is if brick, mellowed by nearly two centuries of storm and sunshine. Staunch, square and two-storied, with fine porches and a splendid hall running through the house from one end to the other.

Brooke's Bank" suffered terribly during the war. Though separated from the Rappahannock by soft and smiling terraces, it was near enough to feel the crash of the Pawnee shells and to suffer painful bruises therefrom. One of these shells—as I mentioned in a former paper—jarred a secret panel from the wall and priceless papers fell out like imprisoned spirits, and many alas! became lost spirits as well.

Sarah Taliaferro Brooke left "Brooke's Bank" to her son, William, who married Ann Benger, niece of Lady Spotswood. He died early, and the estate went to his sister, Sarah. Her will was made in 1767, and she left the place to her brother, John Brooke, who married Lucy Thornton. He left it to William Thornton Brooke in 1788, who married Mary Whiting Baylor and left the place to his son, William Hill Brooke, and here the line of succession, kept up for five generations, breaks.

Dr. Walton Saunders purchased "Brooke's Bank" in 1880, and his widow, who afterwards married St. George Hopkins, is the present owner. She keeps the place in fine order and treasures the tradition with which it abounds.

Judge Wellford tells us that "Higher up on the peninsula was a steamboat wharf, even in my own day, bearing the ambitious name of Leed's Town. In old Colonial days it indulged in high aspirations to be a commercial port. Just around this wharf were three handsome estates, owned by Henry Taylor, a younger son of John Taylor, of Caroline, namely, 'Bunker Hill,' 'The Leeds Farm' and the 'Penn Farm.' Mr. Taylor's family resided for some time at 'Bunker Hill,' but the low grounds being considered unhealthy, he bought a summer home two or three miles back from the river on the ridge country. This hospitable home of 'Montross' was my first personal recollection of this country.

"When I was a boy of about ten years old at school Mr. and Mrs. Taylor extended an urgent invitation to my brother and myself to visit our classmate, the father of Henry Taylor, of the Richmond bar, and brother of Mrs. Williams C. Wickham, mother of Henry Taylor Wickham, so long most favorably known in the Virginia Senate and as counsel of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Co. My good father and mother permitted us to accept the invitation under the guidance down the river of their venerated pastor, Rev. Dr. Samuel B. Wilson. Mrs. Taylor was a devoted Presbyterian, and wished Dr. Wilson to come down and baptize her youngest child, Edmund Pendleton, whose young life of hope and promise was cut short by a Yankee bullet while he was guarding his home at Belvidera, in Spotsylvania county.

"'Montrose' was very near to Oak Grove Church and Post-Office, on the main Northern mail route. There I met the old gentlemen of the neighborhood—old Mr. Lawrence Washington, Charles C. Jett, Colonel Henry T. Garnett and others, and enjoyed the great privilege of Colonel Garnett's home, 'Haywood,' and of strolling along the broad shores of several miles of the lordly Potomac. I also went to Mr. Jett's estate of 'Wakefield,' standing on the natal spot of George Washington, then marked by a flat marble tablet. Now a fine monument stands there.

"'Oak Grove' was a great resort of all the neighborhood in the semi-weekly visitations of the mail carrier. The old carrier, a half-witted, but faithful servitor of the government, I knew well then and afterwards. These old mail carriers were the express agents to and from their county route to its great central point in my own little town of Fredericksburg. They traveled in a stog gig, with the front filled with mail bags (not so heavy as one would imagine) and boxes, bundles, medicines, etc., some of them pendant on the shafts of the buggy and the under-gear of the vehicle.

"In the great and exciting political canvass of 1840 the neighboring gentry had gathered in full force at 'Oak Grove,' when, growing somewhat impatient, they rode up in cavalcades to meet the postman. When they met him they impatiently clamored out: 'Mr. Yeatman! Who is elected?' The only and disappointing response was 'I don't know.' No questioning or cross-questions could elicit any other response than that the other party had carried the day. Then they extorted from him that the source of this information was Mr. Thom, the postmaster in Fredericksburg. And amid a wild contention as to whether Mr. Thom was a Whig or Democrat, they had to follow old Yeatman to 'Oak Grove' and learn from the papers that Harrison and Tyler—'Tippecanoe and Tyler, too—had swept the country and overwhelmed Van Buren with ignominious defeat."

Information Wanted.

In 1657 Sir James Ware had printed, under his own inspection, a very remote origin of the Whites in England and Ireland. The book was published in London. Ware says a Saxon name came to England in the fifth century.

Sir Walter White and brother, Nicholas White, moved into Ireland in the reign of Henry II. Their partner was Governor and Justice of South Wales. Henry II. gave the two White brothers estates in Limerick and Leisip, Dublin. They held distinguished rank among the nobility:

In 1639, December 25, Earl of Strafford.

In 1651, Bishop of Limerick.

In 1653 Charles II. signed certificates or muster rolls to prove the Whites position in Ireland, and in Limerick especially. These are our direct ancestors, and we have authentic record of all, down to the coming to America. Elinor White married Sir Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, and was the mother of the great hero, Sir Patrick Sarsfield, of the famous Limerick seige, so prominent in history.

When Sarsfield and his army went to France, a Nicholas, James, John, and William White, all relatives, went with him, and in 1779, in the Savannah siege, Sir Nicholas White, Leslip, was a lieutenant in Dillon's Irish regiment, in D'Estaing, French army.

During the Cromwell persecution in 1650 Patrick White, James White, John White, James Ryan, Michael Ryan, all cousins, escaped to this country. They wrote one letter back. It must have been on the Virginia or North Carolina coast they landed, from the description. This is the last heard of them.

In 1687 Patrick White was a justice, and held court in Norfolk, Va., so I have learned from the early Virginia county records. In Carrituck and Carrabas counties, N.C., in 1774 were Whites and Ryans. I want the missing links. S.

Can any of our readers grant this very modest request?—Ed.

Editor Genealogy Column:

First. My grandmother was Mary Newman, daughter of Jonathan Newman, and I have often been told that he was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and, among others, fought in the battle of Gilford Courthouse. Do your records show whether he was in the war, and what was his rank? Family tradition says that Jonathan Newman was a relative of Sir Wilter Raleigh, and that his ancestors came to America with one of Sir Walter's colonies.

Second. My mother was Miss Eliza Floyd Coleman, of Amherst and Caroline counties, Va., and her mother was Sallie Powell, of Amherst county, Va., and Sallie Powell was a first cousin of Governor John B. Floyd, her mother being a sister of Governor Floyd's father.

I have often heard that Elizabeth Coleman, the first of her family, who came to America in 1665, was buried in the old Burton or Abingdon Church Cemetery.

I would be very glad to get the genealogy of these ancestors, and am especially anxious to learn whether my family can join the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution through Jonathan Newman, the Powells, Colemans or Floyds.

Thanking you in advance for the favor, I am Yours very truly,
J. C. ANDERSON,
Charleston, W. Va.

:-: Should Women Vote? :-:

A Symposium by Pierre Mille, R. Montreuil, Frederick Passy, H. Poincare and Marcel Prevost.

The question of votes for women does not interest me, but as this rude statement may shock many, a few explaining words may not be amiss. When I am asked whether I think women should vote, the question appears to me as if I were asked if I believed in the usefulness of the oxcart at a time when aeroplanes are daily being made more perfect.

Universal suffrage, as it exists today, is like a heavy, clumsy, ugly, brutal and antiquated machine, and those who make use of it, or believe in it, are really to be pitied. I am a thorough democrat, but I believe that the democracies need another instrument, and that some day they will create one.

Under these conditions how can anyone expect me to wish women might get something in the usefulness of which I do not believe myself?

While waiting for something more perfect to take the place of suffrage, let women become bankers and organizers of mighty trusts, manufacturers, organizers of labor unions. Nothing prevents them. Then will then be able to make any use they wish of parliamentarism, without having to go to the trouble of entering the polling place once every four years.

PIERRE MILLE.

Woman, born by woman, should have the same privileges and rights as man.

In depriving her of these rights, man acts like a coward, and abuses the physical strength of which he is so proud. On this point he is still closely related to the wild beast.

Those who defend their cause by saying that woman does not possess the same abilities as man are either not sincere or they are fools, which is worse.

During my long administrative career, I have had opportunity to deal with many thousands of people of both sexes belonging to the same social class, that of the working-people, and I have invariably found the women to be the mental and moral superiors of the men.

How can we logically say that a woman is fit to bring up her son and literally make a man of him, and at the same time claim, that when it comes to making our laws, woman is inferior to the man who owes all he is to her?

One of te principles of our social beliefs to-day is that there should be no taxation without representation, that all bills should be passed by the people or their representatives, but women to-day are forced to pay taxes that they have never been given a chance to pass any opinion on, either personally or by delegates.

By acting as they do, men commit a crying injustice. This, at least, is my opinion, and is the reason why I am an ardent believer in woman's suffrage.

R. MONTREUIL.

"The question of whether women should vote or not is not a difficult one to answer.

"For more than fifty years, like my master Edouard Laboulaye, I have said Aristotle was right when he said that humanity consists of two halves; men and women. I have always thought that, without being identical, these two halves of humanity, which are necessary to each other as the two blades of a pair of scissors, as Franklin said, should have equal rights.

If the natural differences that exist between them make one the superior or inferior on certain points, the only way to prove this is by practical experience, which alone will show what they are capable to do.

Far be it from me to encourage women to give up their domestic duties, which are, and always will be, their natural domain, and enter the strife and turmoil of public life, but I am at the same time convinced that to be able to fill her position in the home as it should be filled, woman should not remain ignorant of what is going on in the political world, that she may be able to advise her husband or sons as to how they should act.

I go further still, and although I do not wish to see women take a personal part in the political fights, or speak on the rostrum or in the Legislatures, I do not see what right we have to forbid them to express their opinions on subjects that are of vital interest to them.

After having shown themselves capable of becoming good teachers, doctors, lawyers and professors, they now want full municipal and political suffrage, and I do not consider their demand unreasonable. I do not even condemn, in principle, the actions of the English suffragettes, among whom are names that carry great weight with me, but I do condemn their excesses and violence, and I do believe that by disturbing meetings, by insulting their adversaries, by arming themselves with hatchets and sticks, by hurling bricks from the roofs at policemen, by going to prison, these female martyrs and crusaders do nothing but harm to their cause.

Nothing has ever been accomplished by violence. It is by patience and endurance that every goal is reached.

FREDERICK PASSY,
Member of the French Institute.

I see no theoretical reason to deny women political suffrage, whether they be married or not. They pay taxes as men do. As for blood taxes, they pay with their sons, and the burden they bear in this respect is far heavier than the men's.

Perhaps woman's suffrage will solve the question of alcoholism. The only thing I fear is the influence of the priests on women.

H. POINCARE,
Member of the French Academy.

I think women are right in striving for political suffrage. It will carry with it all other forms of equality between the sexes. Some day they will get it, and it will only be just.

But practically speaking, women must develop much more before they shall be able to exercise their right of voting to their advantage. Many of them do not understand that the advantage of being the equals of men in every way necessarily carries with it the abolishing of the privileges they now enjoy as the weaker sex.

Until the day when they willingly give up this claim to be the weaker, they are unworthy of obtaining political equality.

MARCEL PREVOST,
Member of the French Academy.

:-: Cures For Anger :-:

By ADA PATTERSON.

A chance train acquaintance brought about a strange meeting for me last year. An attractive dark-eyed woman, who sat across the aisle, passed me a book, asking me if I did not admire the frontispiece. From pictures we passed to books, from books to plots, from plots to human passions, and from human passion to anger.

"It is inconceivable that we can be very angry, or long angry with one whom we love," I asserted.

The woman's strange, dark eyes flamed into quick dissent. "Believe me, one can. Oh, one can," she answered. "No one knows that better than I. I have been fiercely, terribly angry with those whom I loved the most. Indeed, it is those I love most who make me most angry, and I know that one can be furiously angry one moment and be in the dust of repentance for it the next."

In a month that woman was murdered in Como, Italy. Her bridegroom confessed the murder, and said, "She was the best girl in the world, and I loved her. But she kept on quarreling and quarreling, and—well, she wouldn't stop, and I killed her."

The attractive dark-eyed woman paid a terrible penalty for a great fault. It is a fault that every woman, to some extent possesses.

I know a woman who has succeeded in rooting out the upas tree of anger. Whatever the situation (and she constantly meets most trying situations) I have never seen her other than cool, collected, smiling, or with a smile hovering in the background, ready to break out upon the calm countenance, as a sun flashes out from behind a screening, gray cloud. I asked this woman how, through all the stress of her exhausting business life, she preserved this unbreakable amiability. "Perhaps it is hereditary?" I suggested, with a feminine grudging of so great a virtue to one individual.

"Not at all," she laughed, "my father was a tinder-box and my mother a percussion-match." I was born with a lively temper, but seeing unpleasant exhibitions of the family temper several times a day, I saw the ugliness of it, and determined when a child that I would never let any one see me in a rage. That promise to myself I have kept."

"But how?" I asked.

"When I feel hereditary rage creeping over me, I make myself remember how useless it is. I say to myself: Remember other angry people. Remember how they looked and acted when in a rage. But remember most of all how futile it is."

This is very good reasoning. We do not fill our hands with gold coins and toss them away, and it is still more foolish to fill the reservoir of our strength with new energy and fling it away in a burst of anger; no more extravagant is the flinging away of a well-filled pocket-book than the casting away of vital force in a burst of anger.

As this woman cured her habit of anger by remembering its futility, so the habit may be cured by that doubtful quality that is in all of us—vanity. If a woman rushes to her mirror and looks at herself while she is at the height of a fit of anger, she will soon become an amiable, or at least a self-controlled person. No human emotion brings uglier, more disfiguring lines into the face than wrath.

A man, if he remembers how foolish a figure another man makes when he is nursing his wrath, will restrain his own. Every man hates to be ridiculous. He shrinks from the humiliation of seeming little to his fellow, and no man ever seems so contemptible and absurd as when he is in a rage.

When a child cries we try to divert its attention. We show it a doll or point out a passing dog or cat. The same principle holds in dealing with the man or woman-child, for anger is the grown-up's way of crying. I have known many a fit of temper to be cured by the victim's walking to the window and looking out. If the window opens upon a street the procession of humanity soon distracts him, and his anger, or the desire to express it, passes. If the outlook is upon a hill, a stream, or the wide ocean, he is still more quickly calmed. The bigness of the out-of-doors reduces his own littleness to absurdity.

A kindhearted person's rage soon cools when he looks into the terror-reflecting eyes of a child or a dog, and sees what wonder, what fear, what protest his storm has awakened. He sees the injustice of his display of feeling. Each one can discover a recipe for anger-cooling, and each one should quickly discover and speedily apply it.

Tempers have been classed by psychologists into hot, quick, high and other divisions, but they must agree, as must we lesser humans, that all temper is bad temper, and that the wise man cools his rage as quickly as possible.

Patience Wins

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

It is well to realize that it is the patient man who wins. To do your work and not to be anxious about results is the best way to go after and secure the big return.

This does not mean that you are to see yourself as a slave. If your present position does not give you an opportunity to grow, and you know of a better place—why, go to the better place, by all means.

The point I make is simply this. If you care to remain in a place, you can never better your position by striking for higher wages or demanding favors of any kind.

The employe who drives a sharp bargain and is fearful that he will not get all he earns never will.

There are man who are set on a hair-trigger—always ready to make demands when there is a rush of work, and who threaten to walk out if their demands are not acceded to. The demands may be acceded to, but this kind of help is always marked on the time book for dismissal when work gets scarce and business slow and dull.

Some men are out of employment about half of the time, and the curious part of it is they never know why.

As a matter of purely worldly wisdom—just cold-blooded expediency, if I were an employe I would never mention wages, I would focus right on my work and do it.

The man that endures is the man that wins.

I would never harness my employer with inopportune propositions. I would give him peace, and I would lighten his burdens.

Personally I would never be in evidence, unless it were positively necessary—my work would tell its own story.

The cheerful worker who goes ahead and makes himself a necessity to the business, never adding to the burden of his superiors, will sooner or later get all that is due, and more. He will not only get pay for his work, but will get a bonus for his patience, and another for his good cheer. This is the law of the world.

The man who makes a strike to have his wages raised from fifteen to eighteen dollars a week may get the increase, and then his wages will stay there. Had he kept quiet and just been intent on making himself a $5,000 man, he might have gravitated straight to a $5,000 desk.

I would not risk spoiling my chances for a large promotion by asking for a small one. And it is but a trite truism to say that no man ever received a large promotion because he demanded it—he got it because he was wanted to fill the position, and for no other reason.

Ask the man who receives a $10,000 a-year salary how he managed to bring it about, and he will tell you that he did his work as well as he could.

Never did such a man go on a strike.

The most successful strike is a defeat, and had this man been a striker by nature, sudden and quick to quarrel, jealous of his rights, things would have conspired to keep him down and under. I do not care how clever he might be, how well educated, his salary would have been $18 a week at the farthese, with a very tenuous hold upon his job.

He that endureth unto the end shall be saved.

At hotels the man who complains is the man against whom the servants are ever in league, and the man who complains the most is [illegible] to the scene, has the least at hor[illegible]

"If you are defam[illegible] several of them are
cate you—silence
better than expla[illegible]
do not explain.

its own excuse [illegible]hite City stood near the
planations and [illegible]
live your life [illegible]Avenue Louise, the fashion-
business you drive, whic[illegible]hon the west
nity to mi[illegible]
it, the gre[illegible]russels leads out to the beau-
for this [illegible]s D. La Cambre. The national
I am [illegible]g, that of the Belgian section,
justice [illegible]
worl[illegible] majestically on a slight elevation
way [illegible]ng the main entrance. To the left
too an[illegible]
those [illegible]he main building was the Ker-
so doe[illegible]
the p[illegible]